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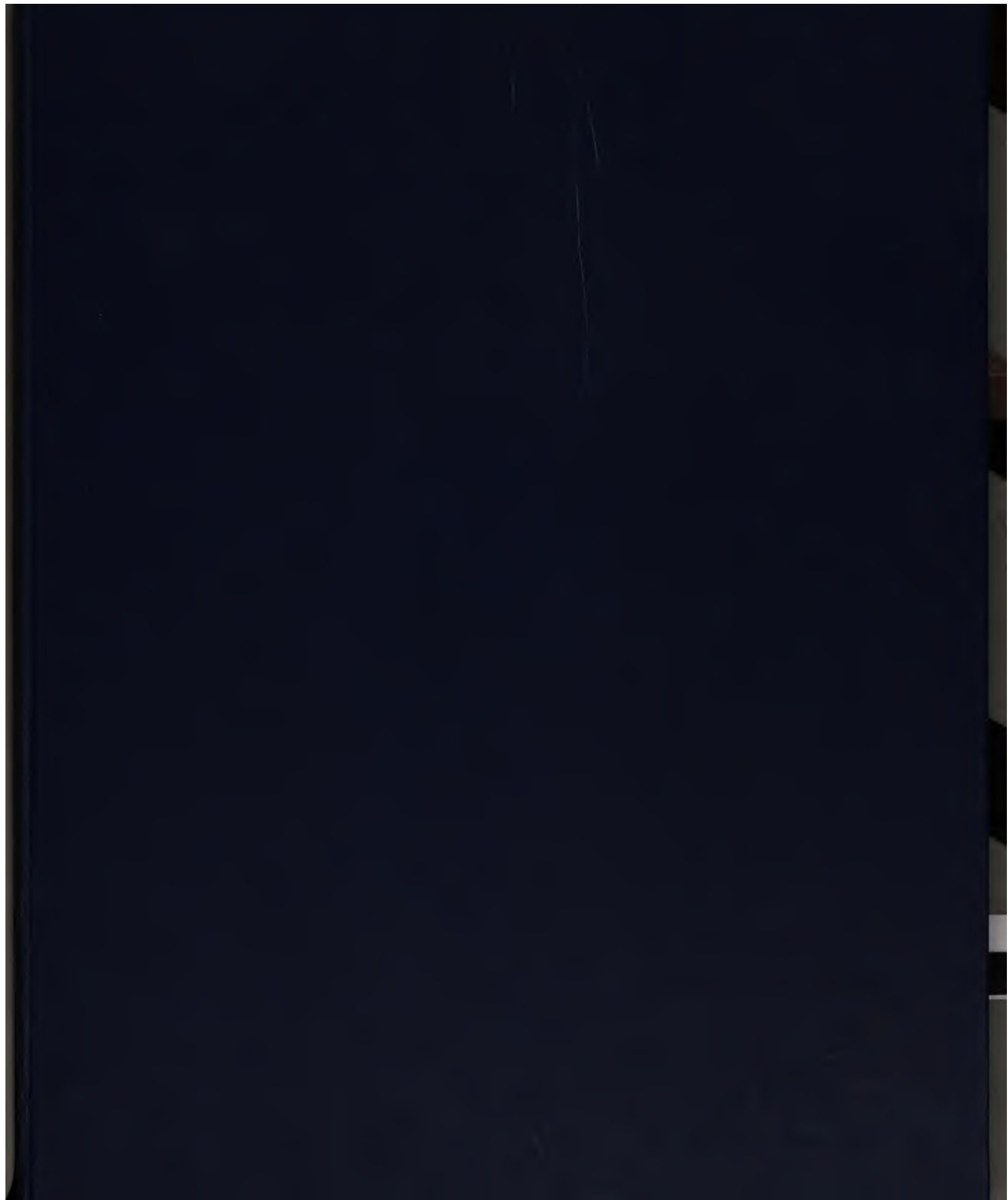
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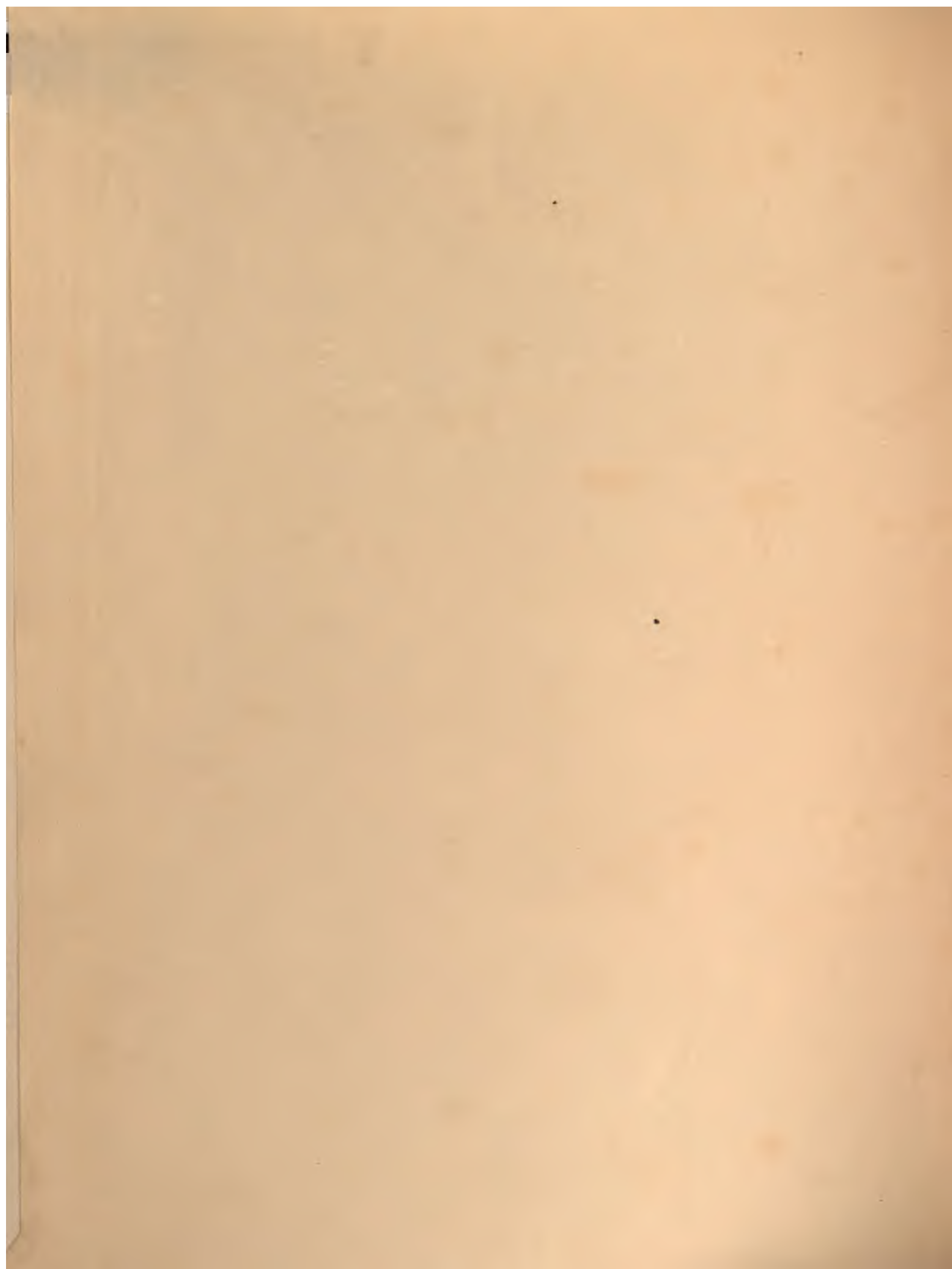


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Mr. John McLeish

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THE VISION

A POEM

BY THE LATE

SIR FRED. MORTON EDEN BART.

ADDRESSED TO THE LATE

REV. JONATHAN BOUCHER.



LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH,

OLD BOND STREET.

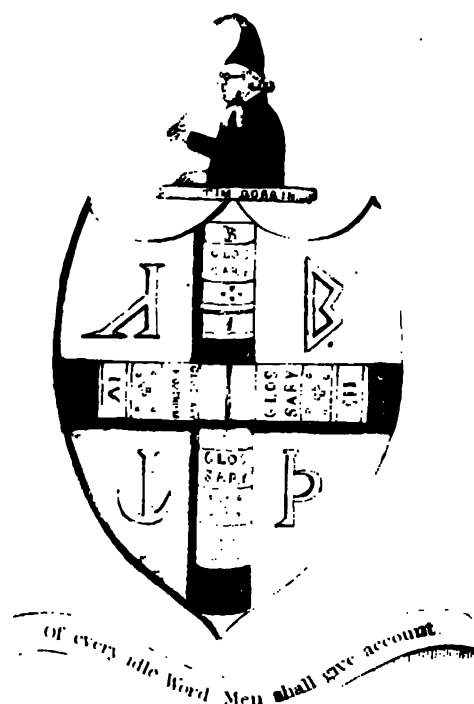
1828.

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EPSOM

A VISION.

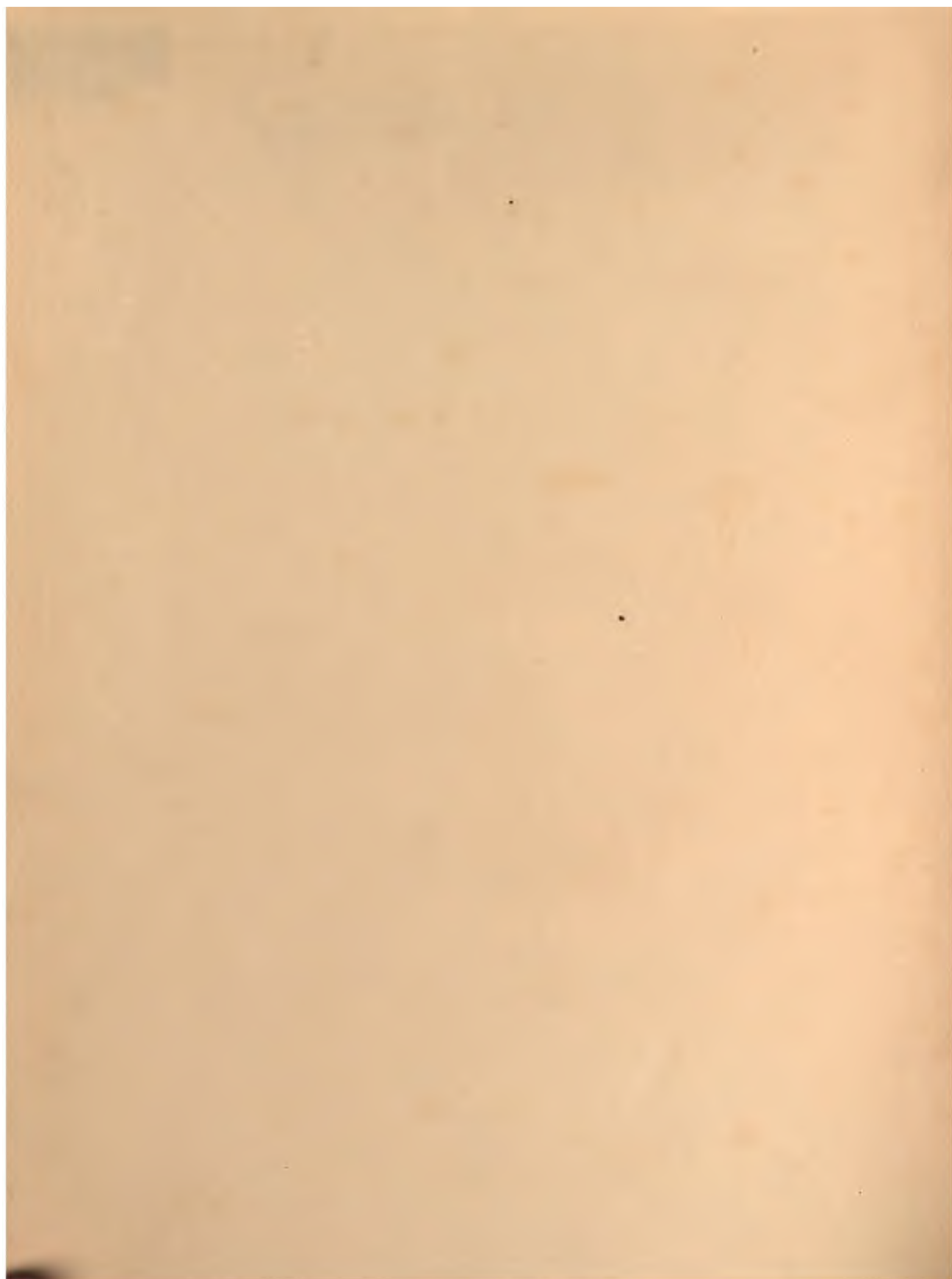


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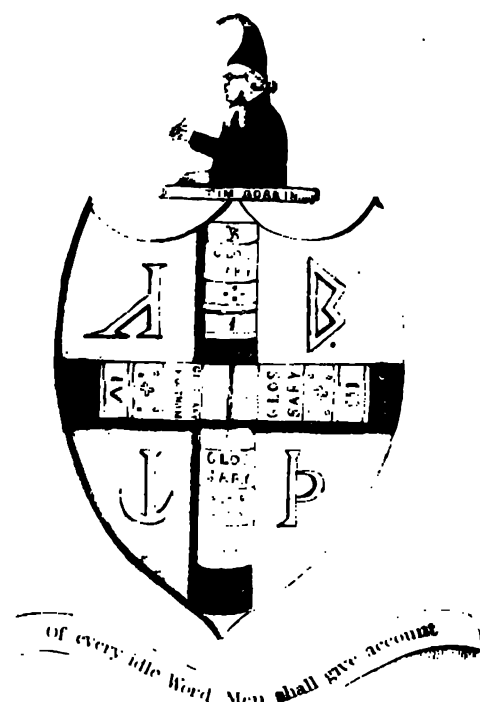
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TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
EARL SPENCER.

MY LORD,

MANY years have now elapsed since your Lordship condescended to become the patron of the work to which the present volume alludes, and from which indeed it has so playfully sprung. It is therefore with peculiar propriety, and almost filial reverence, that it seeks to shelter itself under the mantle of the same protection which was so liberally proffered to its parent. The writer of the present Poem, and the friend to whom it is addressed, have, alas! long since been numbered with the dead; and there can therefore be no violation of feeling in now presenting to the world an effusion which is so calculated to display the varied learning, the ample stores, and the sportive wit of the lamented writer. Should there be any less discerning spirit, to whom it might appear derogatory of the high estimation in which the name of the Rev. Jonathan Boucher must ever be held by the learned, the loyal, and the good, your Lordship's name, like the shield of Ajax, will prove an ample buckler, to repel such vain and impotent assaults.

Had it pleased a gracious Providence to have spared Mr. Boucher's valued life, the work, to which the present

volume alludes, would, in all probability, have long since taken its stand among the proud memorials of England's learning; establishing the author as the acknowledged compeer of her great philologist. But it has been decreed otherwise: and whether that work, to which the Scholar devoted so many anxious years, and on which, it may and will be said, he spent his dying breath, will ever meet the eye of the public in a shape worthy of your Lordship's patronage, is a matter of considerable doubt. For the present, Mr. Boucher's fame must remain in the memories of those surviving friends who duly understood and appreciated the writer's worth. Among the few, who now remain, it is a source of unmixed pride to record your Lordship's name—a name not more valued in the proud nobility of England, than it is and ever will be in those annals of literature and science, which have cast their own imperishable lustre around the shades of ALTHORP.

I have the honour to remain,

Your LORDSHIP'S

Most obliged and obedient Servant,

BARTON BOUCHER.

RECTORY HOUSE, WOLD,
Near Northampton. March 20, 1828.

PREFACE.

It may perhaps be remembered in the literary world that the late Rev. JONATHAN BOUCHER, of Epsom, had contemplated the publication of "An Archæological and Provincial Dictionary," as a supplement to Dr. Johnson's work. Well adapted to the task from ardent attachment to such pursuits, and extensive acquaintance with the writers of our "olden time," as well as intimate knowledge, from early habits, with the northern dialects, Mr. Boucher pursued his researches with an activity and perseverance which would have led to its successful termination, had not death arrested his progress almost at the completion of his labours.

During the prosecution of this arduous undertaking, it was naturally to be expected that devotion to its progress would be commensurate with the interest which he felt in his subject; and accordingly many of the best hours of the later years of Mr. Boucher's life were dedicated to its pages with an intenseness of application rarely to be found, even to subjects more externally alluring. But to him, indeed, these etymological investigations seemed to realize all that his predecessor had once fondly contemplated, when he mournfully confessed "that his were but the dreams of a poet doomed at last to wake a lexicographer."

These intentions of the Scholar naturally became known, and had excited considerable interest in a very large circle of literary acquaintance; many of whom added to his stores, and, from their local opportunities, threw light on his materials. Among these,

the late Sir Frederick Morton Eden, Baronet, was most conspicuous—as a friend, as almost, from his unwearied kindness, a coadjutor, his assistance and his friendship were as valuable as they were valued: and few, but he, knew the indefatigable industry and absorbing occupation of the future lexicographer. His interest in these arduous labours was not, however, confined to literary aid alone. To enliven the dryness of etymological research, and cast, as it were, a sunbeam over the arid deserts of philology, the following *jeu d'esprit* was written in that spirit of affectionate and playful satire, which friends, and literary friends alone, can value or appreciate.

It has, indeed, been kindly suggested, that a more extended circulation of this Poem may injure the fame of him who forms so conspicuous a part of it; and that there may be those who will only remember the jest without any reference to the varied learning and sportive wit displayed throughout its pages; and that with a peculiar obliquity of vision, similar to that of the enlightened critic, to whom Apollo consigned the appropriate task of separating the chaff from the grain, they will be more ready to pick out an error than to note a beauty. If there be any such, it will indeed be a sealed volume to them: but it may surely without much presumption be hoped, that the name, the learning, and the virtues of Mr. Boucher are even yet, in spite of the lapse of years, too deeply inscribed in the hearts of many surviving friends to suffer the recollection of any to be injured by the affectionate effusion of a friend. Those who can enter into its playfulness and wit (and to such alone it is presented) will see and fully appreciate genius in its hours of relaxation, and be as ready to applaud the friendship which could unbend to write, as the good humour and conscious superiority of intellect which could receive such a poem in the spirit in which it was penned.

Sir Frederic Eden, indeed, is well known to the public by his very elaborate and able work "On the State of the Poor;" and those who know him only by his more sober disquisitions on political economy, will hardly believe that such versatility of talent could grace the same individual. But it may be fearlessly said, that there was scarcely any branch of literature which he was not calculated to adorn and illustrate. *Nullum, quod tetigit, non ornavit*: and it was no less the pride than the pleasure of Mr. Boucher to feel persuaded that he enjoyed the friendship of such a highly-gifted man.

It may be added, not to appropriate undue fame to one who is, alas! beyond its reach, that this Poem, displaying such research, and such happy powers of imitation, was composed in a very short period of time, during the lassitude attendant on a recovery from illness; that every engraving is from a drawing of Sir Frederick's own performance and invention; and that the original copy in the Editor's possession is the sole work of the writer, even to the minutest ornament.

A very considerable portion of time has elapsed since the original production of the work in question; and, till the death of Mr. Boucher, so soon succeeded by the lamented decease of his valued friend, it remained among his private papers, only occasionally exhibited to a few antiquarian epicures. The reasons, however, that then existed for its privacy do not seem any longer to survive: and the Editor trusts, that he is not unwisely or irreverently compromising a single feeling towards the writer and his family, or his own father's memory, in now giving to it a more "local habitation and a name." Years have elapsed since the manuscript was first entrusted to a printer, and natural delicacy and reserve alone have protracted its appearance; but those years

have wrought no change in his opinion; and the result is, its present publication.

It was originally intended to have connected this "Vision" with a brief biographical sketch of Mr. Boucher. His memoirs would indeed form a subject of high and intense interest. His early difficulties in life, and victorious perseverance—his adventures in America, almost bordering upon romance—his loyal struggles in support of his king—his active and undaunted intrepidity in behalf of his slighted church—his soul-stirring eloquence, when prohibited to pray for his king—his proscription as a traitor, and his doom to leave the fruits of nearly twenty years ceaseless labour, and fly in nakedness and poverty to his native land, there to begin the task and toil of life afresh; all these proffer points on which a biographer might dilate with energy, and a reader dwell with interest. The present Editor had indeed at one time commenced these memoirs for publication; but so anomalous in the present day is the remuneration and risk of such undertakings, that prudential motives have consigned them to that obscurity, from which, in all probability, they are not now likely to emerge.

In dismissing the present Work to a more extended circulation the Editor is aware that he may be liable to much misconstruction; but he will never believe that he has wantonly trifled with the fame of one, whose name is to himself his proudest heritage, and whose example his highest aim.

RECTORY HOUSE, WOLD,
Near Northampton. March 20, 1828.

ANAGRAMMA.

IONATHAN BOUCHER.

IO! ABC HATH RENOUN.

The Title-page (to use Mr. Chalmers's words) "shows to the curious eye" the arms of the Tim Bobbin family; which his Majesty, by Letters Patent, has lately granted to the Rev. Jonathan Boucher, of Epsom, F.A.S. and A.M.; and which have been registered in the College of Arms accordingly.—*See the last Gazette.*

THE VISION.

BOUCHER, who, erst, at Paddington retir'd,
A chosen few with bright instruction fir'd ;
At home, the Patron of the tuneful Nine ;
At Church, the grave, yet eloquent, Divine ;
Who long, unrivall'd, taught admiring Youth 5
Poetic Fiction and Celestial Truth ;
Pursued the task, a mother's care began,
And rear'd the lisping Infant into Man :

Now sunk in Epsom's muse-inviting shades,
 Inconstant suitor, quits th' Aonian maids. 10
 Whilst some their native country's praise rehearse
 In sober annals or majestic verse,
 He, Cumbrian born, finds no inspiring gale
 In Kelsick's fen, or Bromfield's miry vale ;
 In cloud-capt Skiddaw no Parnassian hill ; 15
 In Mungo's Well no Heliconian rill :
 ('Tis all Beotian air.)—Yet, firmly bent
 To raise to Learning some vast monument,

Line 14.—Mr. B. was born in the neighbourhood of these places. See his account of them in the History of Cumberland. Kelsick is environed with mosses. (Vol. ii. p. 318.) Part of Bromfield parish is proverbially known under the name of *Bromfield Mire*. (Ibid. p. 304.)

Line 16.—A spring of pure water near Bromfield church, we are informed, is still called *Mungo's Well*, in honour of St. Mungo. (Hist. of Cumberland, vol. ii. p. 308.) The mountain of Skiddaw is very near the parish.

With true Glossarial skill each word dissects,
 Each antique form of Northern dialects ; 20
 Explains the jargon of th' unletter'd boor
 From Dalecarlia's Mines to Alston Moor ;
 Proves it, though banish'd from each Southern clime,
 More pure in prose, more dignified in rhyme,
 Than Addison's smooth phrase, and Milton's verse
 sublime. 25

To him this word appears, if truly spelt,
 The genuine language of some barb'rous Celt ;
 That word, more grateful, leads his warm pursuit
 To its high pedigree and Hebrew root :
 Or, happier still, he views with learned ken 30
 Its parent in Icelandic *Bal* or *Ben*.

Line 31.—For the edification of the curious, a short specimen of his etymological learning is here subjoined.

Speaking of *Blencogo*, a village in his dear native vale, he says—

These are his joys ! he shines, by arts like these,

Archeological Lexiphanes :

Content, for these, the word-expounding sage

Deserts the beauties of each classic page ;

35

“ Every circumstance respecting the word bespeaks an high antiquity ;
 “ as hardly a syllable in it has any affinity to any language now spoken.
 “ It is true, there once was, in the county, a considerable family of the
 “ name of *Blenco* or *Blencowe* ; but there is no evidence, nor even
 “ tradition, of their having ever had any possessions at this place, or that
 “ they were settled near it. Besides the syllable *Blen* is not uncommon
 “ in the beginning of the names of several places, such as *Blenheim* in
 “ Oxfordshire, and *Blencrake*, *Blennerhasset*, &c. in this county. It is
 “ not however of very frequent occurrence : and what is still more remark-
 “ able is, that one seldom meets with it in the names of places either in
 “ Ireland, Scotland, or Wales ; notwithstanding that it is undoubtedly a
 “ Celtic vocable. Yet it certainly exists there, though it be under some
 “ different modification. One might persuade one’s self, that this *Blen*
 “ is a contraction of *Bellen* or *Belinus*, the Apollo, or God of the Sun, of
 “ the Celtic nations ; and that, as applied to the names of places, it
 “ means *sunny*. If it were so, it would be particularly applicable to
 “ *Blencogo*. But a more natural and obvious etymology seems to offer
 “ itself. *Bala* in Celtic, and *Bal* in Icelandic and Gothic, is a village or
 “ town : hence the numerous *Ballis* in the names of places in Ireland, and
 “ hence too such names as *Balcarris* and *Balmerino* in Scotland.

“ *Ain*, in the same language, is a wood, or woody ; and nothing can

No more delights in Homer's lofty verse ;
 Thinks Greek inferior to Macpherson's Erse ;
 Enraptur'd hangs o'er Virgil's manly line
 Defac'd by Gothic Phaer, or by Twyne :
 In vain the sweet Theocritus may plead ; 40
 For him Tim Bobbin tunes the Doric reed.

“ be more natural than that *Bal-ain* should be contracted, or corrupted,
 “ into *Blayn*, *Blan*, *Blane*, or *Blen*. The gradation is obvious in such
 “ words as *Ballantrae* in the shire of Ayr, *Dumblayn*, *Blantyre*, the family
 “ name of *Blane*, and our *Blencogo*. *Cogo* is also from the Celtic *Go-*
 “ *gawr*, a corn-field, or harvest ; and it deserves notice that this place was
 “ anciently spelled *Blengoggon*. *Gogo* or *Gogawr* is a characteristic
 “ adjunct, posterior, perhaps, to *Bal-ain* or *Blen* ; and the whole denotes
 “ a *copsy*, or *woody village*, *favourable for corn*. It is no great objection
 “ to this etymology that the village is now remarkably bare and naked as
 “ to wood : there is sufficient evidence in the low grounds and mosses
 “ belonging to it, that it once abounded with wood. In the Bailliage of
 “ *Schwartzenberg*, in Switzerland, there is a neat little town called
 “ *Gouguisberg* ; which, undoubtedly, is from the same Celtic root *gogawr*.
 “ Or, perhaps it may be thought, that the old, and not very uncommon
 “ German termination *gouu* or *gow*, generally rendered in Latin *gobia*,
 “ and signifying merely any rural district or place, by being more simple,
 “ is also more natural.” Hist. of Cumb. vol. ii. p. 314.

The hallow'd sages of old Greece and Rome
 Can naught contribute to his pond'rous tome :
 For this, he rushes bold through thin and thick,
 Says "*Bairds*" are "*Fuiles*," and sanctifies "*Auld*
*Nick**." 45

Let pious doubts lead martyrs to the stake ;
 His only doubt is what is "*Barley-break*."
 His motley sheets the mystic aid require
 Of German Wachter and of Swedish Ihre ;
 For him Pelloutier, Rostrenen, and Lye, 50
 Each in their turn, strange Etymons supply :

Line 45.—See the word *Bard* in "the Glossary." This acknowledgment of Mr. Boucher's explanation of this word is at least candid from the mouth of a poet.

* The learned Glossarist has incontrovertibly proved that this great personage is no other than the Northern Saint, *Nicholas*. Indeed, so tenacious is he of his Saint's pre-eminence, that he places him in the van of his Glossary ; and *Auld Nick* must be looked for under the letter *A* ; and not under the letter *N*.

He joins with those, who, foes to Saxon lore,
 The fall of Britain's ancient tongue deplore ;
 Who Cambrian gutt'ral, and Northumbrian burr,
 Hibernia's brogue, and Scotia's *tone* prefer 55
 To softer accents, which from Gallic soil
 Conquest or ton transplanted to our Isle.
 Convinc'd our language is corrupted quite,
 He seeks the realms of Chaos and old Night :
 No modern speech sounds grateful to his ear 60
 But that from Erse or Cumbrian mountaineer.
 He thinks each courtier should his mind disclose
 " In Russet Yeas, and honest Kersey Noes* :"
 Would have each Gallic phrase and word cried down
 Which hang like satin on the British clown : 65

Line 55.—The Scotch *brogue* is called a *tone*.

* Shaksp.—*Love's Labour Lost*.

For this he pores o'er ancient dialect
 In musty tomes which even worms neglect ;
 More keen, since visions hover'd in the air,
 As late he slumber'd in his elbow-chair :
 Slumber'd, ye gods ?—Yes ; lately, spent with toil, 70
 He, Boucher, slumber'd o'er his midnight oil :
 Let no invidious critic mock my theme ;
 Homer will nod, and glossarists may dream.
 'Twas on the day*, for which, with posies fine,
 The love-sick maiden greets her Valentine, 75
 (The day suggesting to his thoughtful brain
 To analyze the Northern word, *Bridewain* ;)
 He hastily from half-eat meal withdrew
 To catch the fame which open'd to his view ;

Line 73.—Quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus. *Hor.*

* Feb. 14, 1797.

And in his study sought the fav'rite word, 80
 Whilst yet the pudding smok'd upon the board ;
 Meat, children, spouse, indifferent to him :
 Wife, offspring, dinner, what are ye to Tim* ?
 And now the sage hung o'er the groaning table,
 Resolv'd to add another brick to Babel ; 85
 When, suddenly, a rising vapour spread
 Its circling glory round his favour'd head :
 The trembling pen forsook th' unfinish'd line ;
 He yawn'd ; he shook ; he fell ; he snor'd supine.

Now, Muse ! since Morpheus thus arrests his theme,
 Recount (for thou canst best recount) his dream : 91
 Say, what aerial forms, in order due,
 Mysterious Sleep presented to his view.

Line 83.—Fame, wealth, and honour, what are ye to love? *Pope.*

* Tim Bobbin.

First, in archdeacon's holy garb appear'd,
 (With oily wine still trickling down his beard, 95
 His head, like Bacchus, crown'd with purple grapes,)
 Oxonia's fam'd Anacreon, WALTER MAPES;
 And thus, with anger rankling in his breast,
 In monkish Latin Jonathan address'd :

I mprobe ! cur deseris amicorum cœnas, 100
 O ptimas Cervisiæ renuens la G enas ?
 N ullus apud sobrios visit U r Mæcenas :
 A qua claudit divites poet A rum venas.

T u Danū, Aquarius, studes Bartho L inum, 104
 H umili glossario ex T ollens Odinum ;

Line 100.—The attentive reader will, without doubt, discover a very curious double acrostic.

A t ingenti Cyatho si non am E s vinum,
N unquam possis scribere ca R men Leoninum.

B one vir ! si scire vis Scotici U t toni,
O ris ut Sarmatici proferantur S oni,
U t loquantur barbaro gutture coloni, 110
C umbrii, Islandici, Ci M bri et Geloni ;

H orâ quâque plurimi c A lices sumantur,
E t sic ipsi ante te P oli revolvantur :
R ecté solúm Ebrii sic p E regrinantur ;
O mnes per te populi S ic inspiciantur. 115

He spoke, and fled ;—but still the dreamer snor'd,
Such potent opium glossaries afford ;

Line 113.—This is a most ingenious expedient of Walter Mapes's for seeing the world : as, to a drunken man, the world turns round.

When, lo ! another bard, of merry vein,
 (Sweet was his tongue, and gentle was his mien)
 Arose, of British Muse the first-born child, 120
 CHAUCER, “ the well of English undefil’d.”
 Well pleas’d, he view’d the Alphabetic page,
 And thus, with Doric accent, hail’d the sage :

O poure in pouche ! yet wise and well ytaught,
 Most reverend impe of lerning in Sothree ! 125
 Thy boke, so wel began, will lacken naught,
 It mote teche Lordinges of the South contree
 To speke eche Northern worde right proprely.
 Ye ben, albeit yborn in Combrelond,
 The fairest scholer in alle Englelond. 130

Certes thilke swonken quaire, if everich page
 Be swiche as that whilke ginneth with grete A,
 Mote sikerly revive oure old langage ;
 Mote techen clerkis, in a month or tway,
 To love Dan Chaucer's trewe Englishe lay ; 135
 Ne Cocke and Foxe in Dryden's rime rehearse,
 Ne Wife of Bathe in sweet Dan Pop's verse.

So bold a clerk as you wes nevir sene
 Ne in Edward's ne Richard's age ;
 Ne priest wold loken in my boke, I wene ; 140
 I gat smal preise from holie personage,
 For non but jollie monk wold rede my page :
 But you can wel repeat, withouten faile,
 Each queinté* saying, and each merrie tale.

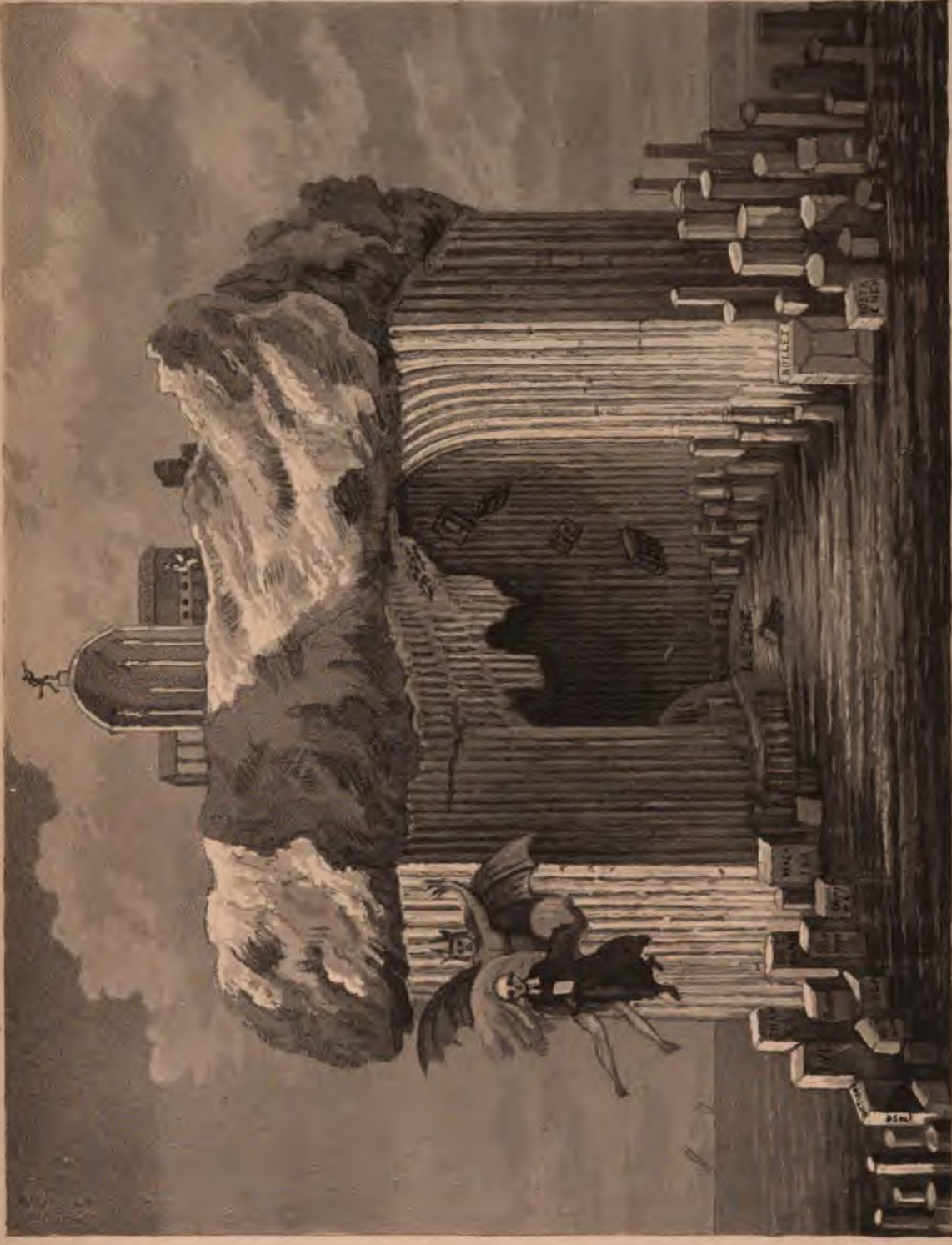
* It is not clear whether Chaucer does not here allude to some very profound remarks made by the Glossarist on a part of our animal economy. Vide vocem *queint* in Glossario Boucheri.

Might Canterbury Tale agen be wrought 145
 The poure persone, ful of charitee,
 Who “ out of the gospel the *wordes* caught,”
 In my prologue Sir Ionathan should be ;
 Or I wold sing the in an A B C ;
 Or put the in Fam’is house on a pillar 150
 Of lede, ygravin thus :—*Sir Clerke Boucher**.

Line 147.—See the Prologue to the Canterbury Tales, l. 500.

Line 149.—Chaucer wrote a poem called A B C.

* See Plate I. This very curious drawing exhibits the Apotheosis of the learned Glossarist. His favourite Saint Nicholas (not Mungo) is carrying him to Chaucer’s house of Fame, which there is every reason to think (for the glossarist thinks so) is situated on the top of *Fingal*, the Northern Hero’s Cave in the Island of Staffa, of which this is a very exact representation. It is proper here to notice an error which is observable in most drawings hitherto exhibited of this curious volcanic production. The basaltic columns have been usually represented as pentagons, whereas the fact is, that they are very perfect oblongs, extremely similar to what a very erudite bookseller (a countryman of the Glossarist) calls *four toes* and *eight voes*. The figure of Fame is very remarkable. The double trumpet denotes the various honours paid to modern productions. The priestess is employed at her devotions in the most *holy* part of the temple, and is selecting (from a pile of books observable on the summit) such persons of merit, as should receive the honours she is permitted to dispense. The artist of this little piece has undoubtedly great merit: but it must be owned that the two principal figures are a very close imitation of Mr. Peters’s picture of the Angel conveying a Child into Paradise.



Engraved by F. C. Lewis / From a drawing of the Drawings / Eng. to H. R. H. Prince Leopold & the late H. R. H. Princess Charlotte

He ceas'd :—next rose of Scotia's royal line
 Two scepter'd monarchs, Kings by right divine ;
 He, who for Christ Kirk's Green, and gentle Jane,
 And Peeble's Play, attun'd his Doric strain ; 155
 And he who sang the Gaberlunzie Man ;
 Both JAMES by name :—the elder thus began :

'Mang lernid men, o' gret renoun,
 Nevir wes sic quandary,
 Fra' John o' Groat's to Hollydoun*, 160
 Fra' Leith to Inverary,
 As wes at Epsom, landart toun,
 Ane day in February,
 Qhan zou, by ane hard werd ouirthroun,

* A hill near Berwick.

Gronid our zour glossary ;

165

Sa weary,

Sa sik were zou o' this vagary.

Twa quairis hide o' cauf did heill,

And twa a skin o' wether ;

Line 167.—It is impossible to guess at the king's motive for thus closely imitating his "Christis Kirk of the Grene," (of which the beginning is here subjoined), unless it were to afford the learned Glossarist additional proof of the authenticity of that humorous poem.

" Wes nevir in Scotland hard nor sene

" Sic dansing nor deray,

" Nouthir at Falkland on the Grene,

" Nor Pebillis at the Play ;

" As wes of wowaris, as I wene,

" At Christis Kirk on ane day :

" Thair came our Kitties, weshen clene,

" In thair new kirtillis of gray,

" Full gay,

" At Christis Kirk of the Grene that day."

Line 168.—*Heill* signifies *to cover* : hence *helier*, a *tiler* or *coverer* of houses. See 5 Eliz. c. 4.

To *heill* a person with mud is a common phrase in Devonshire.

A fuilis cap adornid weil 170

The paper and the lether :

Ilk page did schaw fra heid to heel

Ful mony a gus'is blether :

Ilk page, alas ! sa saft to feel,

Mocht serve for gude bum-fether : 175

Sa weary,

Sa sik are aw o' zour glossary.

He stopt :—his eager Kinsman silence broke,

And to the sage, with sweet complacence, spoke :

Line 171.—That is, the paper was of that excellent sort called *fool's cap*; and the very significant *crest* already noticed, was affixed to the back of the book.

Line 173.—In this passage the royal author is rather obscure : it may either mean that the page was written *with a goose quill*, or *by a goose*.

* Thankis, Sir Clerke ! for zour courtesie, 180
 Thankis for zour lernid glossarie,
 In praise o' the Beggar o' King Jamie,
 And his dear Gaberlunzie Man :
 For this, I'll tell ze a merrie storie,
 Quhilk ze mocht add to zour glossarie, 185
 O' ane matter quhilk happenit in Sothrie
 'Tween a pure clerke and ane auld woman.

There was a jollie persone, quho wantid gret renoun,
 He likid not the humble life he led in landart toun :

* In this part of his speech King James the Fifth appears to have imitated the metre of his Gaberlunzie Man.

Line 188.—This part of King James the Fifth's speech is in imitation of the "Jollie Beggar;" and affords unquestionable evidence that that ballad is the composition of that monarch:—

And we'll write a cliver buke, 190

To mend auld England's diction :

And we'll write a buke or twa, boys,

And publish by subscription.

He wad neither preche in Kirk, ne yet wad pray at
hame,

But vowid he wad write a buke, to win him mickle fame.

And we'll write, &c. 190

It chancid as this jollie persone romid on a day,

Thinking quhat he mocht endite :—o Dool quhat
mocht he say !

And we'll write, &c.

There was a jollie beggar, and a begging he was boun,

And he tuik up his quarters into a landart toun.

And we'll gang, &c.

He wad neither ly in barn, nor yet wad he in byre ;

But in ahint the ha door, or els afore the fyre.

And we'll gang, &c.

An auld gude-wyf with buke in hand he saw at cottage
 door, 200

And round her mony bairnis wer ystonding on the
 floor.

And we'll write, &c.

Quo he, quhat is that prettie buke? Gude wyf, tell
 me trew :

O will ye tell me quhat it means, my hinny, and my
 dow?

And we'll write, &c. 205

I tuik ye for a lerned man, the vicar o' the toun ;

O dool for lerned clerkis now ! are ye a sillie loun ?

And we'll write, &c.

Is there ony dogs into this town? Maiden, tell me trew :

And what wad ye do wi them, my hinny and my dow ?

I tuik ye for some gentleman, at least the laird o' Brodie.

O dool for the doing o't! Are ye the poor bodie?

Quo she, this is ane horn-buke, ginnand with
 muckle A,
 Quhilk little bairnis most repeat, before they gang to
 play. 210

And we'll write, &c.

He tuik the gude-wyf in his arms, and gae her kisses
 three,

And four and twenty merks o' gold the buke o' horn
 to see.

And we'll write, &c. 214

He tuik the lassie in his arms, and gae her kisses three,
 And four and twenty hunder mark to pay the nurice fee.
 He tuik a horn frae his side, and blew baith loud and shrill,
 And four and twenty belted knights came skipping our the hill.
 And he tuik out his little knife, loot a' his duddies fall,
 And he was the brawest gentleman that was among them a'.
 The beggar was a cliver loon, and he lap shoulder hicht,
 O ay for sicken quarters as I gat yesternicht.

He tuik the horn-buke fra the dame, and lernedly he red
The four and twenty letters au from A to cruikid Z.

And we'll write, &c.

Then he tuik up a little pen, to write upon the wall:
By Cock, quo he, I'll gin wi' A the brawest o' them all.

And we'll write, &c.

220

The persone was a clevir loun, his buke he gan to write;
O may he writen sik ane buke as he gat yesternicht.

And we'll write, &c.

Their office thus perform'd, the royal pair
Retiring, melted into thinnest air.

225

And now the slumb'ring priest, by sprites convey'd,
In Dunkeld's ivy-mantled choir was laid.
There, as he slept secure among the dead,
The bird of wisdom hov'ring round his head,

Nº 2.



Engraved by H. E. Lewis.

DUNKELD.

Lo, mitred Gavin, borne on airy wings, 230
 Appear'd more dignified than Scotia's kings :
 And now he trod the ground ; and standing near
 The word-worn sage, thus whisper'd in his ear :

Maist reverend clerk ! of lewit Segges the Dreid !
 Gem of Ingyne, myrrour of antient Lede ! 235
 Cheif floure of pretius lerning, *A per se* !
 For zou I com fra shadowis of the dead
 To tel zou quhat zour weirdis han decrede :
 For zou I com fra Feildis of Elysee,
 Quhar ben of poetis ane greit menze, 240
 To speke in sawis and in prophecy,
 And schaw zour soithfast happy destanye.

Line 236.—G. Douglas calls Virgil *A per se*.

Behald zon donky flure, and creiset wall,
 Sad remanent of Gavin's cathedral,
 Ne bricht cristall, anamalid all colouris, 245
 Gletis in zon windois majesticall;
 The speland ivie crepis over all;
 The eglantine, laurere, and wilde flouris
 Are spredit our auld Dunkeld's touris
 The nicht oule skrekis now beside zour head, 250
 Qhair anis prieste sang requiems for the dead.

Agane, Sir Priest, lok up! the rewyne fallis;
 Upstertis butterys and lustie wallis,
 And volted rufe, and cloys ful mony a span,
 Pinnakillis, corbell, and pillaris tallis, 255
 And imagerie buskyd in goldin pallis.



Engraved by F.C. Lewis

Dunkeld restored, with a Steeple from St. Nicholas's Church at Newcastle upon Tyne.

Now Gavin wav'd his crosier o'er the wight, 270
 And through the western window wing'd his flight.
 No more the vicar's anxious eyes beheld
 The rising glories of thy church, Dunkeld !
 Quicker than thought the elves who nightly roam
 Now reconvey'd him to his humble home. 275
 There, in his dream prolong'd, he only sees
 Black cloth, agistment tithe, and surplice fees.
 And now a merry pair arriv'd from Hell,
 The laureat Skelton and the ale-wife Nell ;
 And whilst the thirsty dame survey'd the cellar, 280
 The jovial bard thus cheer'd the drooping fellow :

Line 277.—One of his dreams is, that where land has already paid a great tithe in hay to the rector, the vicar is entitled to agistment tithe in the same year for the aftermath.

I Mayster Skelton,
 By Heavenes injunccion,
 Am com from blacke Pluton,
 Ab inferis, to Epsom toun : 285
 I crossed botumles Acheron,
 With Helles ferryman Charon ;
 And with me I bring
 Dame Elynour Rumming ;
 Alive, she did leade 290
 A merrie life indede,
 In a stede,
 Bysyde Lederhede ;
 And now, by my crede,
 She ghaistes doth feed 295
 In Elysees grene mede ;
 She is the Ganymede,

And cup-berer to spede
 Good dryncke to the deade.
 She turnis in her payl 300
 Styx's water into ale.
 It is Lethe's poppy,
 Which spyrits sipp and soppy :
 A very little droppy
 Makyth them nopyy. 305
 She serveth Eacus,
 And Radamanthus ;
 But for Tantalus,
 And daughters of Danaus,
 She careth not a louse. 310
 The one seeth a cup,
 Which he must not sup :
 The tothers toil and tug
 To fill their brown jug :

It is a cracked mug	315
With one lug,	
And many a hole, but no plug.	
All day they travaile	
To pour in the ale ;	
But I vow by Saynct Benet,	320
They might work a sennet	
As hard as a jennet :	
For much quicker	
Out runs the likker.	
Sincerum est nisi vas,	325
Quodcunque infundas,	
Out again must pass.	
Non but an ass	
Will try to fill his bottel	
Until he gets a stoppel,	330

Or mendeth the hole
 With a peice of sho sole.
 In Helle dame Elynour
 Serveth her lycour
 To gloomy Dis, 335
 And Cerberus, I wis,
 Canis informis,
 That ugly bow-wow,
 With heades, tres in numero,
 Turnspit in kitchen below, 340
 Where the infernal posty
 Of wicked souls fry and rosty.
 To this dog the dame,
 When he swetes with the flame,
 Geveth a drop, 345
 From her cornucop,
 With gynger and a sop.

This maketh him civil
 To every devil :
 He lettes Elynour 350
 LEEVE her hot parlour,
 And her poet Skelton
 Rise up from Helle-toun,
 To beg you to go,
 Without protestandoe, 355
 Or impugnandoe,
 With every quarto *
 Vocabulario
 Etymologico,
 To your friendes below. 360
 Facilis descensus Avernī :
 It is a down-hille journye.

* Lege, meo periculo, folly-o.

Cum in Tartara tendes,

You will see your old friendes.

There is Somner,

365

And Skinner,

German Wachter,

And Celt Pelloutier,

Junius,

And Wormius,

370

Verelius,

And Schrevelius,

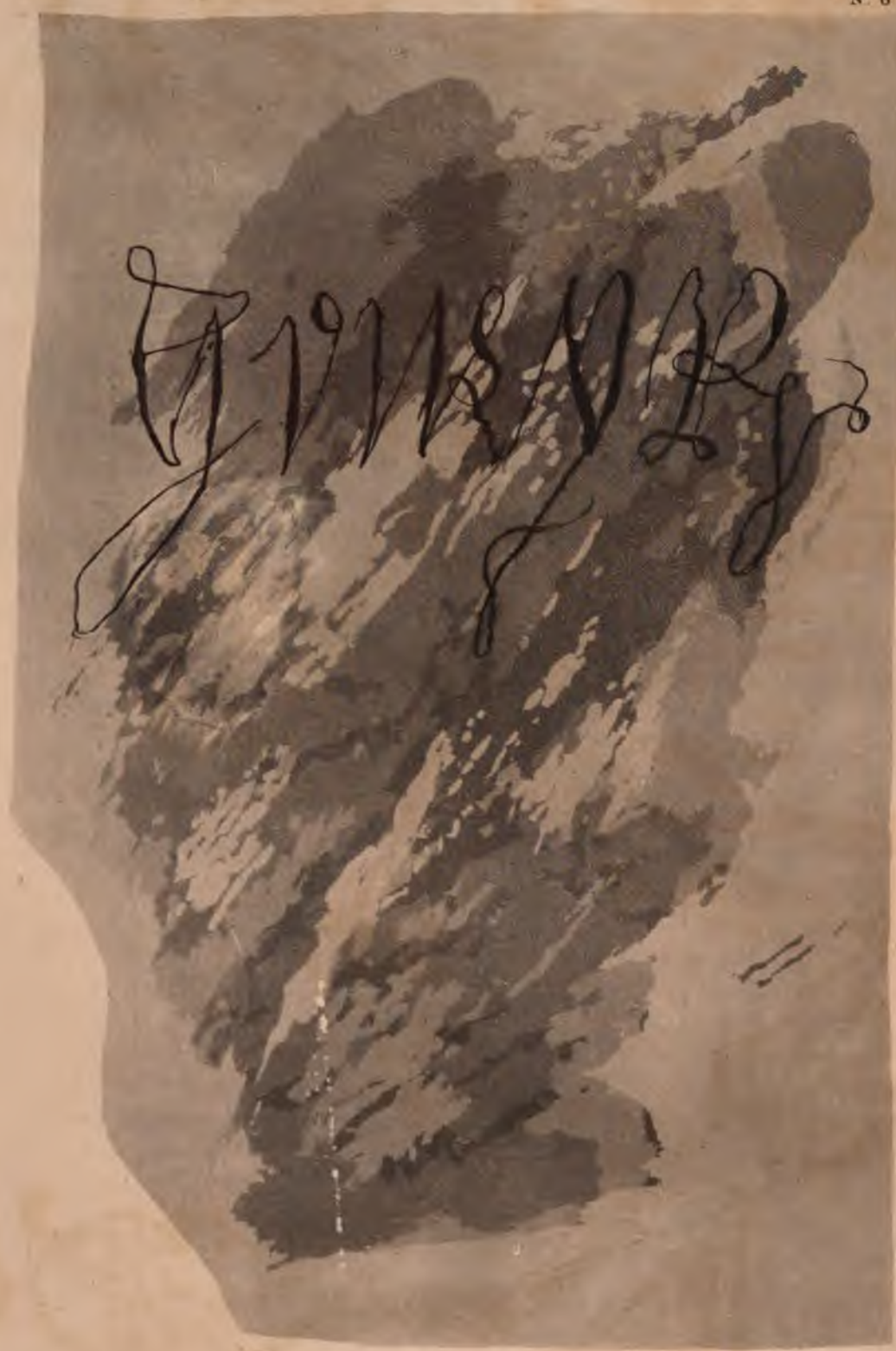
Llhûdd, Shaw, and Obryen

Gebelin, and Rostrenen ;

There Du Cange and Ihre

375

Plate V. The very curious print on the opposite page is unique. None of the collectors of black letter cuts possess a copy. It is very superior to the print of Elynour Rumming, which is now considered so great a rarity, that a bookseller lately asked five guineas for it. To enable the curious reader to appreciate the merits of each, Mr. Richardson's copy is annexed. Of the three figures, two may be easily ascertained. It is much to be lamented that the superscription of the third has been so much injured



Engraved by J. C. Lowe.

Maketh helle-fire

One great bonfire :

Thither led by Mayster Skelton,

Your boke shall join the blazing beltane.

You shall make your abode in

380

The fyry hall of Odin ;

And Elynour your neighbour

Shall reward your labour

With a dull

Reviewer's skull,

385

Instead of glasse,

Fill'd with meid and Ypocrasse.

by time, that the name of the personage it represents cannot be guessed at. The autograph at the back, which is undoubtedly that of Henry the Eighth, may perhaps enable the archæological reader to ascertain who the unknown figure is. He was probably somebody about the Court*. This print was torn out of a copy of Skelton's works, which there is every reason to think was presented by the Laureat to his Royal Master.

* See his Cap.

He ceas'd :—now Nell return'd ; and off they flew
 On broom-stick perch'd ; when next appear'd in view
 He, who with loyal ardour arm'd his pen, 390
 Th' historian grave, and bard of Hawthornden ;
 And hov'ring round the vicar's motley brain,
 Burst forth in Polemo-Middinian strain :
 (Congenial souls ! if aught my praise could give,
 DRUMMOND and Boucher should immortal live :) 395

O vicar, Epsomi qui nunc studiosus in umbrâ
 Monstrosam fillis cum queint etymology bookam,
 Mongrelasque studes voces quas amphibiosi
 Isle-manni bletherant, (nunquam visurus Agrestes
 Qui parvam mediis Islandam habitantur in undis,) 400

Line 394.—Evidently imitated from Virgil: Fortunati ambo, si quid
 mea carmina, &c.

ELYNOUR RVM MYNG,

The famous Ale-wife of *England*.

Written by Mr. *Skelton*, Poet Laureat to King
Henry the egiht.



*When Skelton wore the Lawrell Crowne,
My Ale put all the Ale-wines downe.*

LONDON

Printed for *Samuel Rand* 1624.



Quamque olim Welshy spekat cornubia jargon ;
 Et quam cole-heughus Kingswodus Bristolensis ;
 Et Zoomerzetti et Welshmanni ; quamque loquuntur
 Yorkshire-folki homines, et Lancashiri, dialectum ;
 Et Cumberlandi, proles montana, coloni ; 405
 Et qui, Fingalium, cum Shaw, interprete, Galic,
 Et laigha * qui gabbis Lochlini idiomata Dani,
 Et Leedam† Dalecarlensem, Guttralque Alemannum,
 Ausus Teutonicum Junî conscendere currum : 409
 Siste pedem. Te nunc Weirdæ in majora reservant ;
 Te benchæ bishopum, todlansque monarchia wantant.
 Namque et adhuc governmentis regularibus instat
 Kingkilerus, struttat qui grandi in costume, Barras ;
 Carnoque, et Rewbell, La Revelliere atque Letourneur,

Line 409.—Cum de Teutonico vellet descendere curru. *Juvenal.*

* Low.

† Language.

Quinqueviri ; ilkiusque hedam sned-offere* regis, 415
 Atque parant seizire seas, fattasque prebendas.
 Ergo, levelleros attacka doughtily : et olim
 (Missus Iancheos, qui likant Homony, Boios)
 Sermones nosti, Loyaliste ! prechare toreos
 Contra Virginios et halanshakeros Marylandos, 420
 Auld Nicko sendens Whiggæos Americanos †.
 Vel tu Cromwellum, (dignum malisone rebellem,)
 Englandæ scathiam, pennâ describe fideli ;
 Et Caroli defende antiquos prærogativos :
 Nam potes ipse waas ‡ Martiri dicere Regis, 425
 Et Clarendoniæ gabbockos § addere quhairæ,

* To *sned off* is to *cut off*.

† This alludes to Mr. Boucher's active exertions in the American troubles. After his return to this country, Mr. B. published a very excellent volume of sermons with an historical preface, preached in America at the commencement of the contest.—*Ed.*

‡ Woes.

§ Mouthfuls : of which there are many in Clarendon's sentences.

Ipse highchurchmannus : manet altâ mente repôstum
 Supplicium Laudî, spretæque injuria mitræ.
 Nec minus expulsi incendit te causa Pretendri :
 Vidisti ipse puer patrios (memorique recondis 430
 Pectore) suspensos in gibbete Carleolensi
 Indignâ, veros Jacobitos, morte necari :
 Et Kennintonios plorasti sæpe triumphos.
 Eia age ! quodque olim infectum opus ipse reliqui,
 Aggredere, historiæque meæ subnecte blodœas 435
 Roundheadus fechtas quot gesserit, et Covenanter,
 Et Cavalierus ; beheddatumque Stuartum
 Mecum deplora ; et sacræ miracula quercûs,
 Grandisonoque redux celebrentur carmine princeps.

Line 427.—Quædam exemplaria habent “ *high-kirk-mannus*,” sed malé.

Line 431.—Mr. B. when a boy (about eight years old) was present at the execution of the Bishop of Carlisle, in 1745.

Pande abdicati plectro graviore Jacobi 440
 Exilium, et varios casus Phœnicis Iuli,
 Warmingum celebrans, mira incunabula, pannum,
 Pinganturque Annæ pietas, Mashamæque triumpho,
 Et forty-fivum, tentamina vana, duellum.
 Namque mahoganiâ conservas plurima kistâ 445
 Pamphleta et manuscripta, tuæ monimenta loyaltæ,
 Queis possis majorem Humeo et Gibbone bookam
 (Cui vel Filmeri cedat patriarcha Roberti)
 Fillere, et historiæ Drummondi imponere finem.

Line 441.—If ever a prince could be denominated a *Phœnix*, the child who rose from the *warming pan* must have been one.

Plate VII. This drawing is a very correct representation of a curious tobacco stopper which was formed out of a piece of the *royal oak*, and is now preserved in the British Museum. It is a very remarkable piece of wood, for whilst one side is undoubtedly oak, the other by connoisseurs is thought to be in every respect similar to the wood of the *hawthorn*.

Nº 7.



Designed by J. G. Smith

Here paus'd the bard ; and, weeping, wing'd his
flight 450

To seek his master in the realms of night.
Now hallow'd MILTON rose on eagle wings,
Inspir'd like Drummond, yet a foe to kings.
Like Boucher once, he patroniz'd the Nine,
And taught fair youth to seek bright learning's mine ;
But griev'd to see him quit the classic ore, 456
And lead's dull vein and blackest dross explore ;
At length indignant spake : nor more complain'd
For *Eden's loss* than for *old words* regain'd :

Hence, loathed Etymons ! 460
Of quaint conceit and bold assertion bred,
In Glossarist's teeming head,
'Mongst French and Dutch, and Swedish Lexicons.

Find out the pond'rous tome,
 Where leaden Bullet wields his massy pen, 465
 Or night-bird Rostrenen ;
 There under inky shades, and types as horrid
 As plodding Learning's forehead,
 In dark conjecture's mazes ever roam.
 But come, bright Goddess, Poetry ! 470
 Foe to etymology,

Hence, loathed Melancholy !
 Of Cerberus and blackest midnight born,
 In Stygian caves forlorn,
 'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy.
 Find out some uncouth cell,
 Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings,
 And the night raven sings ;
 There under ebon shades, and low brow'd rocks,
 As ragged as thy locks,
 In dark Cimmerian darkness ever dwell.
 But come, thou Goddess fair and free,
 In Heaven yclep'd Euphrosyne,

Thee, ('tis said in classic lore,)
 To Venus' son fair Fancy bore ;
 And still thy matchless features prove
 Imagination join'd with love. 475
 Glide, goddess, Epsom's groves among,
 With madrigal and lyric song ;
 Or mournful elegy rehearse,
 Or raise thee to heroic verse,
 Such as in bright Maro beam, 480
 Or love to live in Homer's theme :
 Strains, that wrinkled Time defy,
 And thoughts that reach the Deity.

Whom lovely Venus at a birth,
 To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore ;
 Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
 Jest and youthful jollity.
 Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
 And love to live in dimple sleek.

Teach Boucher, in some doleful ballad,

To execrate the land of sallad,

485

And *mountain* nymph, fell Anarchy !

Sad foe to Church and Royalty :

And if he gives kings honour due,

Peers, admit him of your crew ;

Create a speaker from a writer,

490

And change his fool's cap to a mitre.

O Muse, but grant a bishoprick,

He'll live with thee, and leave *Auld Nick*.

Sport that wrinkled Care derides,

And Laughter holding both his sides.

And in thy right hand lead with thee

The *mountain* nymph, sweet Liberty *.

And if I give thee honour due,

Mirth, admit me of thy crew.

These delights if thou canst give,

Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

* See Burke's Speech.

Line 493.—*Primâ dicte mihi, summâ dicende camœna, Auld Nick!*—

Thus Milton sweetly sang ; but sang in vain :
 No Glossarist e'er lov'd poetic strain. 496
 The man, whose aim is *meanings* to descry,
 Can ne'er admire the *flights of poesy**.
 Thus Milton sang ; and sunk in endless night.
 And now a motley form appear'd in sight,
 Though last, not least ; (guess, reader, if you can ; 500
 Was it a fairy, devil, maid, or man ?
 Guess, reader, guess ! and yet I dare engage
 Your penetration needs another page.)

Milton and Boucher have both great reason to be grateful to him. For the one in his poem, and the other in his Glossary, make the best figure, when they are describing him.

* The only piece of poetry that a glossarist can relish is the first line in Homer :

Μῆνιν ἄειδε Θεὰ !

Anglice, Auld Nick ! find me a *meaning*, or find out *my meaning*.

When next you wake, all this derision
 Shall seem a dream, and fruitless *vision**.

* Midsummer Night's Dream.

His *guarded* coat the menial knave proclaim'd,
 By gods call'd Merc'ry ; by men, footman nam'd* : 505
 And as in short, though thund'ring speech he spoke,
 His cabalistic words th' enchantment broke :
 " The supper's ready, sir !" — the hungry sage awoke.
 Reader ! thus ends his Lyttletonian † dream.—
 Wouldst thou have such a long one ? read his Ream ‡.

* Ον Ξάνθον καλέουσι θεοί, ἄνδρες δὲ Σκάμανδρον. *Hom.*

† Every reader will recollect Lord Lyttleton's famous vision at Epsom, a little before his death.

‡ Id est *Book* : pars pro toto. The four folios (or *follyos*, which is the proper spelling ; and affords us the etymology of the word—μέγα βιβλίον, μέγα κακόν), will contain many reams. *Boucher's Ream* is as good as the *King's Quhair*.

VIVE ! VALE !

DEMOLOGUS—PTOCHOLOGUS.

19^a. Feb. 1797.

THE END.



C. and C. Whittingham, Chiswick.





